

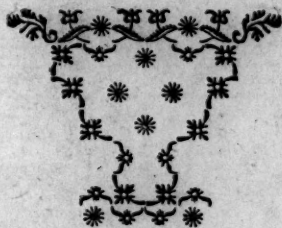
CALISTA;
OR, THE
INJURED BEAUTY:
A
POEM,

FOUNDED ON FACT.

WRITTEN BY A CLERGYMAN.

Infelix DIDO! Nunc te fata impia tangunt.

VIR. Æn. IV.



L O N D O N :

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MDCCLIX.

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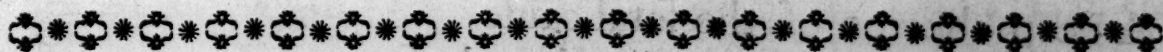


CALISTA;

OR, THE

INJURED BEAUTY:

A
POEM.



SOON as bright PHOEBUS beam'd a warmer ray,
And vernal blossoms grac'd the rising day;
Of calm retirement smit with ardent Love,
CALISTA hasten'd to her wish'd-for grove;
Elate with hope, a long suspense to find
From the dire sorrows that o'erwhelm'd her mind:
But fruitless soon perceiv'd her darling aim,
And sought for ease, but sought for ease in vain;
Fix'd in her breast the raging passion lay,
By night oppressive, and her bane by day:

No

No charm of Nature can the feud erase,
 Or tear from sight the once lov'd STREPHON's face:
 If to the plains her ling'ring steps she bends,
 His manly form in Fancy's glass descends;
 Or, lost in shades to waste the noon-tide hour,
 His shape more awful haunts the gloomy bower.

GREAT HEAVEN! at last, with fervent tone she cries,
 Oh! free CALISTA from this strange surprize;
 Remove the phantom, or the substance bring,
 Whence some faint glimpse of pleasing hope may spring,
 To calm the wild disorder of my soul,
 Confirm my wishes and my fears controul!
 Or, oh! at least, permit me to obtain
 What here I seek, but seek, alas! in vain;
 A deep oblivion of the fatal cause
 Of all my suff'rings, and unheard of woes!
 Let mem'ry cease its office to fulfill,
 Gay fancy banish'd, and resign'd my will;
 Each anxious thought, destructive of my rest,
 Tear from my heart and still my throbbing breast!
 What do I say? With frantic passions tost,
 Amidst the sad variety I'm lost!
 Fool that I am, to think that HEAV'N will hear
 Undone CALISTA's unrepenting pray'r!
 Can words, abstracted from the heart, avail?
 Shall Mercy triumph over Justice' scale?

Can

Can conscious Guilt an inward calm enjoy,
 And taste of bliss without the least annoy?
 Ah! no: ev'n now CALISTA mourn thy fate,
 No happier hours thy future life await;
 Distracting Fury, Sorrow, and Despair,
 And all the rueful family of Care,
 On thee attend: such certain vengeance springs
 From short fruition of forbidden things.

THOU base inchanter of incautious youth!
 Thou vile prophaner of all sacred truth!
 See the sad wreck thy lawless love has made,
 Beneath the mask of sanctity display'd!
 What fiend infernal cou'd thy breast inspire,
 To style with sacred name that guilty fire?
 True love is faithful, no dishonour knows,
 With purest flame in gentlest bosoms glows;
 Its heaving sigh no abject source betrays,
 Nor tongue grows wanton in it's object's praise;
 Speaks what it thinks, and ev'ry thought's sincere;
 When words are wanting, eloquent it's tear;
 Intent to please, and yet afraid t'offend,
 Proceeds with caution to attain it's end;
 Not too reserv'd, or insolently rude,
 Affects the beau, or imitates the prude;
 In medium just it's steady course maintains,
 Feels equal joy, or suffers equal pains;

Unites in one it's int'rest and the Fair,
And mutual bliss engages all it's care.

AH! cruel STREPHON! had such love been thine,
When first thou strove to wake and kindle mine;
How shou'd I bless that, now ill-omen'd, hour,
When warm I met thee in yon fragrant bow'r!
What joys profuse, from guilty mixtures free,
Had thou experienc'd, had been felt by me!
Joys ever pure, and durable as true,
Possessing still, and still remaining new!
But, lo! instead, a dismal train of woes!
What racking grief from dire reflection flows?
So strong, so heavy, is the load of Care,
'That Death seems easy to the weight I bear!

CANST thou behold this sad, this wretched state,
And not be anxious for thy future Fate?
Is all thy virtue, all thy honour fled?
Art thou to shame, and sense of torment, dead?
Does Conscience sleep, that inmate of the breast,
Nor whisper crimes opponent to thy rest?
If not; ere fleeting life expires, survey
Thy glaring actions set in just array!
See! in the front, CALISTA sad appears,
Cover'd with guilt, and drown'd in briny tears,
Tearing her hair, and frantic in her woes,
Curfing herself and thee, the impious cause!

Ah!

Ah! where's her virtue? once so lovely bright!
 By thee eclips'd, and sunk in lasting night:
 What satisfaction can the wretched claim
 For loss of virtue and a spotless fame?
 No just equivalent can then be paid,
 But endless sorrows wait the injur'd maid:
 Thou too, fell monster, must expect to share
 This load of trouble and corroding care;
 Feel pang for pang, and sigh return for sigh,
 Be ever wretched, or repentant die.

WHY such perfections did kind HEAV'N bestow?
 Why paint my cheeks with such a vivid glow?
 Why thus proportion'd was my ev'ry part?
 Why form'd so feeling and so soft my heart?
 Had some less lovely shape CALISTA blest'd,
 Of meaner talents, easier wealth possess'd;
 The guilty STREPHON had not then admir'd,
 Nor I, perhaps, with frantic Love been fir'd;
 Peace then, perchance, had been my wish'd-for lot,
 Forgetting all, and by the world forgot;
 In some lone desert wild, well pleas'd to rove,
 In expectation of the bliss above!

AH! fatal Beauty! from all blemish free!
 Expos'd to dangers, which thou canst not see!
 Beset on all sides with unnumber'd snares,
 Spoil'd in the bud, or cropt in blooming years!

Like

Like some sweet flow'r, fresh op'ning to the air,
 In rip'ning glories beautifully fair,
 Tho' short duration be its longest date,
 Fades in a storm, and meets untimely Fate.
 Perfidious man his glitt'ring idols spies,
 And veils our ruin in a dark disguise;
 Access once gain'd, with sudden friendship burns,
 Is now transported, and now cool by turns;
 In solemn pray'rs assails the Pow'rs above,
 Swears sacred Truth and everlasting Love:
 When, ah! too soon, the subtle poison finds
 An easy passage to our weaker minds;
 Reason dethron'd, we snatch the gilded snare,
 And drink the draught of Sorrow and Despair.

UNHAPPY FAIR, to whom such Fate's assign'd,
 Loveliest to view, but weakest in the mind!
 When most we want, our Reason chiefly fails,
 And serpent Flatt'ry over Truth prevails:
 Ungen'rous man! sure flint environs thy heart,
 Thus to delude thy weakest, tend'rest part:
 Did GOD for this pre-eminence bestow,
 And style thee Sovereign of all things below?
 Superior reason unto thee was giv'n
 To aid the weakest, as ordain'd by HEAV'N:
 If we were form'd as objects to obey,
 Thy reason only shou'd direct the sway;

That

That bound surpass'd, no more the sacred tie
Compells with madding phrenzy to comply;
To look superior love is also thine,
But barb'rous insults break the will divine;
Thine to becalm the stormy scenes of life,
And sooth and cherish thro' this vale of strife.

WHY do I thus in fruitless words complain?
The wretched's speeches are prefer'd in vain;
I sigh, I weep, but find no soft relief;
No short suspense from all distracting grief:
But hark! some distant voice methinks I hear
In solemn sounds approach my list'ning ear!

AH! lost Calista! now it seems to say,
Thy glaring crime admits of no allay:
Why didst thou thus with guilty passions burn,
And from fair Virtue's stricter precepts turn;
Reversing then the sacred laws above,
Thou fell'st a victim to unlawful Love?
Hence on the earth a sad example roam,
And warn vain mortals to avoid thy doom.
I heard no more: enough for me was said
To strike the guilty with a panic dread:
I own my crime, and shudder at th' offence,
Detest it too, but still retain the sense:
What shall I do? or, Whither shall I fly?
A moment's space of peaceful life t'enjoy!

'Tis vain to wish, CALISTA, hope no more,
 Thy pleasing dreams of happiness are o'er:
 Farewell those halcyon days, which once I knew;
 Ye fairy visions, dear delights, adieu!
 No more CALISTA joins the sprightly train,
 Sports in the dance, or revels on the plain;
 In songs harmonic charms her hours away,
 Serenely bright, and innocently gay:
 Far other themes her restless thoughts employ,
 Far other scenes of dear tormenting joy;
 Far from the converse of mankind remov'd,
 By none rejected, and by none belov'd.

WELCOME, thou bow'r, and venerable shade!
 Such glooms well suit the melancholy maid!
 Here, here at least, I'll solitary roam,
 Pour my sad pray'rs, and oft repentant moan:
 Perhaps, at last all gracious HEAV'N may hear,
 Accept my sigh and penitential tear!
 Oh! wish'd, dear raptures of the pious mind,
 Calm, and serene, and crown'd with bliss refin'd!
 How conscious Guilt fair Virtue's charms surveys
 In brighter lustre and distinguish'd rays!
 Come, chaste Religion, dawn upon my soul,
 Possess my heart, and ev'ry thought controul;
 With sacred zeal this rebel breast inspire,
 Quench ev'ry spark of Guilt-contracting fire;

Teach

Teach me to glow with pure seraphic love,
And taste the bliss of penitents above !

THUS spoke the maid: and Sol, with feeblest ray,
Had scatter'd now the last remains of day :
'Twas night, when Morpheus, with a potent hand,
His drowzy sceptre stretches o'er the land :
Whate'er on earth, all-bearing mother, dwells,
Lurks in the caves, or haunts the puny cells,
Scours o'er the plains, or fans the buxom air,
Climbs the steep cliff, or loves the prickly briar,
The grateful gift of soft repose enjoy,
Till bright Aurora purples o'er the sky ;
Man too, now wearied with diurnal pains,
Feels the kind influence and refreshment gains :
Not so CALISTA spends the tedious night,
Dissolv'd in tears, and struck with dread affright ;
Thoughts following thoughts, in sad succession rise,
And chase sweet slumbers from her bloated eyes ;
Darkness, all dreadful to the human race,
In blackest colours paints her dire disgrace ;
No friendly stars shoot forth their glimm'ring rays,
Nor silver Phœbe sheds her milder blaze ;
But clouds instead, and murky tempests growl,
Dispensing horror to the guilty soul :
Confus'd, distracted, roves the conscious maid,
Now mad with fury, now with terror sway'd,

Flies

Flies to her couch, or bounding o'er the room,
 'Gainst HEAV'N exclaims, then justly weeps her doom:
 As one, with dire dæmoniac phrenzy seiz'd,
 Now storms aloud, and is by turns appeas'd,
 Thus she with each sad varying passion burns,
 Now furious rages and relents by turns:
 Scar'd with the horrors of all-conscious night,
 Anxious she wishes for all-cheering light,
 Kindly intreats one vivifying ray
 T' illumine her soul, and drive her cares away:
 At length the wish'd for morn, with rosy wings,
 Spreads in the East, but no sweet comfort brings;
 The same dread sadness still her mind surrounds,
 Her fear increases, and her sense confounds:
 O'ercome at last, with trembling haste prepares
 To fix a certain period to her cares,
 Finding the wretched all she here must share
 But racking grief and horrible despair,
 And all the joys that mortal life attend,
 Of short duration, and in sorrows end,
 On Death she calls aloud, but calls in vain,
 That certain opium for all human pain;
 He, like the world, the hopeless wretches flies,
 Mocks at their wishes, and disdains their cries:
 At length, unable to sustain her woe,
 Resolves herself to strike the deadly blow;
 But first kind HEAV'N in pray'rs confus'd implores,
 Intreats forgiveness, and her fate deploras:

As

As on the fatal act she seems intent,
 Some rising thoughts the impending stroke prevent;
 Her mind now labours with disasters new,
 And wide eternity's disclos'd to view;
 Dreadful resolve! she cries, rash hand, forbear
 Th' intended blow to quit this load of Care;
 Can e'er the suicide expect t' enjoy
 The blest reward of innocence on high?
 Some woes, more poignant, sure the wretch await,
 Than all the suff'rings of this mortal state!
 These stated periods know, those ne'er decay,
 But merciless rage without the least allay:
 Then let CALISTA, to her Fate resign'd,
 Bear present tortures with a patient mind,
 Nor quit, unlicens'd, being here below,
 And rush presumptuous on eternal woe!

WHILE thus she spoke, her tears and heaving breast
 Bespoke the nymph with raging grief oppress'd;
 When to her aid the bright PHENISSA came,
 (A sister's suff'rings, sister's pity claim)
 All pale and trembling at the dismal sight,
 Struck with amaze, and stiffen'd with affright;
 Ah! sister, ah! with fault'ring voice she cries,
 (The tears thick streaming from her chrystal eyes)
 What change is this? what dire unheard of cause
 Has plung'd CALISTA in such desp'rate woes?

D

Say,

Say, quickly say! relieve a sister's care,
 In all thy suff'rings, lo! I claim my share:
 If e'er glad tidings reach'd thy glowing heart,
 With joy thou wou'dst the pleasing news impart;
 With pleasure ravish'd I attentive stood,
 And songs harmonious crown'd th' united good:
 Why didst thou then endeavour to conceal
 What gen'rous Friendship bid thee to reveal!
 As once impatient in thy mirth to join,
 Ev'n now I long to mingle sighs with thine;
 Distress is pleasing, when 'tis shar'd with thee,
 And joy, without thee, unpossess'd by me.

AND canst thou then forgive a suppliant's tears,
 Cover'd with shame, and frantic in her fears?
 Can gen'rous thoughts that injur'd breast inspire,
 And kindling pity quench deserved ire:
 Such acts alone from god-like souls must flow,
 Above the reach of vulgar minds to know:
 Such genuine goodness fires PHENISSA's breast,
 To raise the weak and succour the distressed:
 Thou oft hast seen me innocent and gay,
 In varied pleasures spend the lengthen'd day;
 Rise with the sun and brush the morning dews,
 Cull the sweet flow'rs of variegated hues,
 Or haunt, perhaps, some wood or neighb'ring grove
 To hear the songsters chaunt their artless love:

But,

But, vanish'd now those scenes of pure delight,
 Care clouds the day, and Horror adds to night;
 A sad example of cross'd love I roam;
 The cruel STREPHON has pronounc'd my doom;
 Deaf to my cries he spurns my growing flame;
 Nay, more than flights me, has eclips'd my fame.

WHERE then is Honour? In what mortal, say,
 If not in STREPHON beams the sacred ray?
 Methought each virtue of the human breast
 In brighter lustre shone in him express'd;
 I joy'd to see him, and astonish'd stood
 To hear him reason strong of just and good;
 His precepts fail'd not all my soul to move,
 And, passing friendship, rais'd the flames of Love:
 Forgive, CALISTA, that ungen'rous part,
 Thy choice too nearly touch'd a sister's heart!
 But hence that passion into fury turns,
 With ranc'rous hate my glowing bosom burns;
 I scorn, disdain, abhor his once lov'd name,
 His glozing speeches, and too specious fame:
 May cares malignant on his hours await,
 His pleasures tarnish, and reverse his fate;
 Disgrace, escaping the broad sweep of Time,
 Resistless haunt him, suited to his crime!
 No more let Beauty charm his tainted eye,
 His heart enrapture, or his passion cloy;

But

But keen desire enflame his aching breast,
 And tort'ring dreams of objects unpossess'd!
 Let injur'd Innocence before him rise,
 And chase soft slumbers from his languid eyes:
 Unusual terrors to his soul impart,
 Distracting Grief and agonizing Smart!
 But thou, CALISTA, this sad gloom remove,
 Nor fall an easy sacrifice to Love;
 Think on the perjur'd monster with disdain,
 And dare to vanquish this unseemingly pain;
 Feel not one pang, thy crystal sluices close,
 Nor thus endanger thy belov'd repose!

Bid the chaste vestal feel a lover's fire,
 When pale she views the sacred flame expire;
 Bid the sad turtle, 'midst th' impervious gloom,
 Robb'd of its mate, to cease its plaintive moan;
 Then bid CALISTA cease her heaving sighs,
 And stop the fruitful currents of her eyes!
 Can I reverse, or Nature's self forego,
 To view the past insensible of woe?
 Is rifled Virtue, and injurious Fame,
 Distained Honour, a reproachful name,
 No cause substantial for this load of grief?
 Say, if thou canst administer relief!
 Or rather say, What gems, compar'd with those,
 Maintain their brightness, and no lustre lose?

Not

Not all the wealth of Indus can restore
 The peaceful blessings I enjoy'd before;
 Not all the joys of Pleasure's smiling train
 Can yield suspense from this corroding pain.
 Is wealth superior to a tranquil breast,
 Or fleeting pleasures to substantial rest?
 From these what pow'rful magic springs refin'd
 To calm the tempest of a wounded mind?
 The soul, too conscious of their fragil force,
 Spurns and rejects the fallible resource:
 Some means more pow'rful, must effect relief,
 Or I still labour with distracting grief.

IF human efforts are reputed vain,
 Can I, a mortal, mitigate thy pain?
 But think, oh! think! the weak, distemper'd mind
 Reflects, unconscious, in it's views confin'd,
 Through the dun mist of Error's glass surveys
 What sickly Fancy to the sight displays;
 Unsway'd by Reason, nor with Judgment fraught,
 Approves, condemns, with undigested thought;
 Enslav'd, subservient to a wayward will,
 Rejects the great preservatives from ill:
 Embrace, CALISTA, this unfeign'd advice,
 'Tis Reason's whisper, and the Prudent's choice!
 A faint resistance to the tort'ring pest
 Will add new vigour to the drooping breast;

Increasing gradual, and collected grown,
 With force superior beat the fury down;
 But tame submission to this forlorn state,
 With blacker terrors aggravates thy fate;
 To all the real ills, already bore,
 Insulting Fancy adds a thousand more;
 Replete with horror, and the mind impress
 With dreams of sad, incurable distress;
 Such to thy tender frame must dang'rous prove,
 And immaturely cause a dread remove:
 And, oh! shoud'st thou receive the deadly dart,
 Scarce in thy bloom, and ripen'd but in part,
 Think what the sad catastrophe wou'd cause,
 What meagre sorrow, and distracting woes!
 Let the drear portrait in thy mind arise;
 There view PHENISSA, with her big swollen eyes,
 Beating her breast, when slow the solemn knell,
 In doleful sounds, thy parted soul shall tell;
 Thy hoary parent, with the weight of years
 Already tott'ring, sink beneath his cares;
 His wrinkled hands uplifted, trembling, see,
 Hear his soft words-----I liv'd alone for thee-----
 Robb'd of his hope, the solace of his age,
 What can his grief ineffable assuage!
 Methinks too certain is the parent's doom,
 A quick transition to the silent tomb:
 Then ah! what secret refuge shall I find
 To stop th' o'erflowings of my bursting mind!

How

How can I bear the loss, the wretched state!
 A parent---sister---both---involv'd in Fate!--
 I---left alone---disconsolate, forlorn,
 Your last remains, and o'er your graves to mourn!
 Think then, CALISTA, if a parent's years,
 With love united, can awake thy fears;
 If yet thou know'st a sympathizing part,
 To cheer the languor of a drooping heart;
 If yet thou joy'st the palsi'd hand to warm,
 And sad desponding melancholy charm;
 If I can still thy dear affection claim,
 If still for me thou feel'st a sister's flame;
 The dreadful issue of thy sorrows see,
 Dispel the fatal gloom, and pity me!

OH! that my soul cou'd thus superior rise,
 And human ills with fortitude despise!
 Then sighs were fruitless, and intreaties vain,
 To urge CALISTA to surmount her pain:
 Soon shou'd a pleasing calm my face o'erspread,
 Each pang extinguish'd, and each passion fled;
 Soon shou'd a sister's love it's flame display,
 And filial duty beam a purer ray;
 The tender office all my soul engage,
 To aid the sad infirmities of age;
 Smooth the dull hours, a vital glow impart
 To the chill'd limbs, and cheer the languid heart;

But,

But Fate severe has other tasks assign'd,
 Than those soft duties of the melting mind;
 HEAV'N knows my breast with warm affection glows,
 And cordial love in purest currents flows:---
 I can no more:---to act my wonted part
 Exceeds the vigour of my bleeding heart;
 My strength enfeebled, scarce supports the weight
 Of sad reflection, miserably great:
 That odious action, pregnant with disgrace,
 Entails a scandal on my virtuous race;
 No more I merit your respects to share,
 A sister's pity, or a parent's care;
 An abject exile let me rather roam,
 Be-deem'd an alien, as becomes my doom!
 Let Hate intense pursue the black'ning stain,
 Avenging Fury, Malice and Disdain;
 And this, too little for the glaring crime,
 That food of Scandal thro' all future time!
 Methinks I hear the loud censorious tongue,
 The hinted slander, and disdainful song;
 I see the eye askance, the visage foul,
 That speaks the secret purport of the soul!
 How will it rend thy palpitating breast
 To hear th' insidious and malignant jest?
 In that sad hour, that absence of repose,
 How wilt thou curse the author of thy woes;
 The ties of Nature mournfully regret,
 And strive the once-lov'd union to forget?

Oh!

Oh! cou'd I too but gain Oblivion's draught,
 And rove unconscious of distracting thought;
 Whatever price th' unvalu'd potion bore,
 Contempt of Pleasure, and the shining ore;
 All life's collected glories I'd resign,
 To make the sweet, delicious treasure mine!
 But, ah! 'tis vain; such bliss alone's assign'd
 For noblest virtue, and a spotless mind;
 Pain is for me, without the least allay,
 Till Death dissolves this animated clay.

WHY wakes Suspicion in thy flutt'ring breast,
 With foul Distrust and causeless fears impress'd?
 Did ever yet one secret action prove
 My friendship spurious, unsincere my love?
 Attest it, HEAV'N! If Pleasure or Surprise
 E'er lur'd my soul to break those sacred ties!
 No, no, CALISTA; from such blemish free,
 All my full soul sincerely mourns for thee;
 If e'er from me a sister's love depart,
 May endless shame afflict this rebel heart;
 May sudden vengeance blast my spotless fame,
 And in oblivion whelm PHENISSA's name!
 Howe'er the spite of tongues invidious swells,
 Whatever hate in ranc'rous bosoms dwells;
 Whatever scorn the aspect foul descries,
 Or darts malignant from the glancing eyes;

Not all united shall divert my love,
 Or melting Pity from my breast remove:
 To dread is fruitless, as I know no stain,
 And true repentance may assuage thy pain;
 Tho' great the crime, and of the deepest dye,
 There's still a bright reversion in the sky:
 When the sad sinner, in remembrance dire
 Of crimes malignant, feels the penal fire;
 He bursts in tears, and bitterly deplores,
 Abhors past actions, and his God adores;
 His sighs and pray'rs ascend the throne above,
 And gain assurance of eternal love.
 Hope humbly then; around the Pow'r divine,
 Like countless stars, the rays of mercy shine;
 Which bliss refin'd to penitents impart,
 Peace to the soul, and gladness to the heart;
 There breathe with fervor thy unfeigned sighs,
 And waft thy pray'rs as incense to the skies;
 Thence flows the grand expedient for Despair,
 The balm of Sorrow, and the lull of Care:
 Who knows what bounteous HEAV'N reserves in store,
 What joys exalted, unperceiv'd before!
 Perhaps on thee a length of years await,
 Serene, unclouded with the frowns of Fate;
 When Reason, Virtue, shall resume their throne,
 And hold dominion in thy breast alone;
 Past follies banish, ev'ry vice erase,
 And blot each striking record of disgrace!

Oh!

Oh! pleasing thought! oh! much desired day!
 When HEAV'N forgives and turns its rage away!
 Some doubt still rises to prevent my rest,
 And tear Conviction from my lab'ring breast;
 Still 'gainst the force of fanci'd fears I'll rise,
 Pour forth my pray'rs, and waft repentant sighs:
 " Oh! Thou! whose dread, immeasurable sway
 " All things on earth, and Heav'n above, obey;
 " Who, rob'd in mercy, condescends to hear
 " Th' afflicted's sigh, and undisguised pray'r,
 " See! prostrate dust, with black'ning crimes o'erspread,
 " Intreats forgiveness, and implores thy aid!
 " The secret springs, and movements of my soul
 " Are bare to thee, and thou pervades the whole;
 " Whatever stains that ray divine efface,
 " Purge and remit thro' thy superior grace,
 " My mind irradiate with celestial love,
 " And write, oh! write me 'mongst the blest above!"
 E'en now methinks the gloomy prospect clears,
 A calm serene dispels my anxious fears;
 No more shall pleasures all my soul engage,
 Nor frantic passions dreadful conflicts wage;
 To the vain world I bid this last adieu,
 It's frowns I dread not, nor its smiles pursue;
 Some nobler scenes my fix'd attention draw,
 True joy inspiring, reverential awe:
 Come, sacred Virtue, with thy lovely train,
 Rush on my soul, and in my bosom reign;

True

True Faith, impatient for a happier state,
 Bright Hope, superior to the frowns of Fate;
 All-beauteous Love, that feels another's woes,
 Aids helpless Want, compassionately glows;
 Increasing still, as life's swift current glides,
 That knows no ebb, but ever-swelling tides;
 Till growth luxuriant bliss profuse convey,
 And bloom eternal in the realms of day!

Ye beauteous fair! with cautious steps beware,
 And shun this dreadful precipice of Care;
 Let strictest Virtue all your bosom arm,
 Nor heedless listen to the syren's charm!
 Thus shall substantial joys your hours await,
 Nor feel the terrors of CALISTA's Fate;
 Calm and serene through life's wild mazes move,
 And, Time dissolv'd, partake the bliss above.

F I N I S.